



The
West
Saxon

Summer Term,
1929.

WESSEX.

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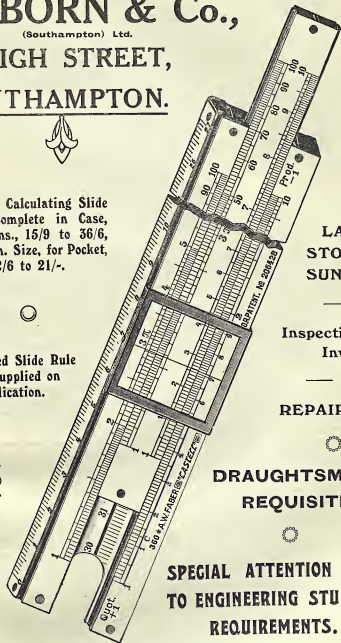
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The West Saxon.

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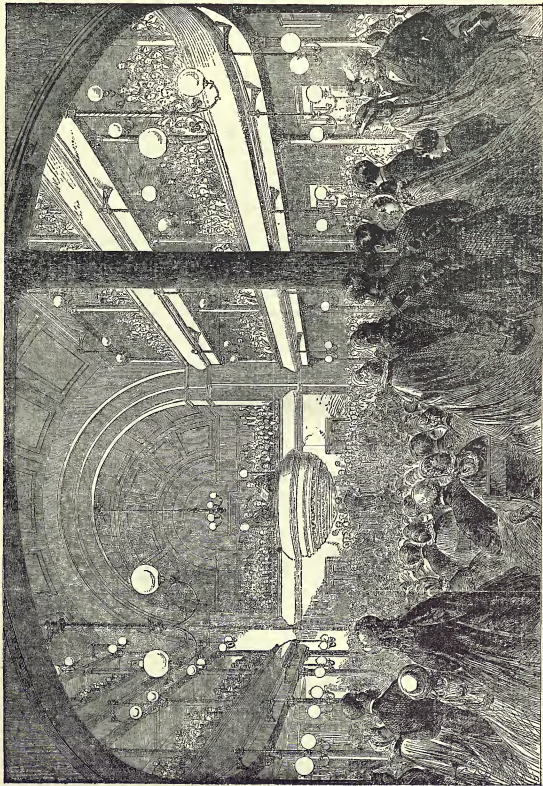
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SUMMER TERM, 1929.

No. 3.

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Opening of the Hartley Institution at Southampton on Wednesday, 15th October, 1862, by Lord Palmerston : The Theatre—
The Town Clerk Reading the Address of the Corporation to His Lordship.

The West Saxon.

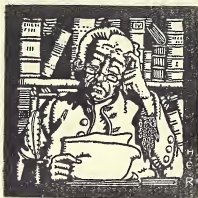
Editor:
MISS P. SLADER.

Sub-Editor:
L. T. ETCHES.

Secretary:
P. J. OSBORN.

The Editor is not responsible for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."

EDITORIAL.



TRADITION demands that we should write an editorial, and though within the last few weeks we have seen a Labour Party returned to office and a Derby favourite defeated, and though, most unprecedented of all, we have been told by the printers that there is too much copy for the "West Saxon," we strain at the last gnat of innovation and defer to tradition.

The suggestion has been made to us that the Students' Union Notes, which were introduced as a new feature in this volume, fill the main purpose for which an editorial exists—namely to notice and comment on the life of the College. For the chief subject of a college magazine essentially is the life in its fullest sense

of the college. And we become concerned, not at a just reflection of college life, but at the reflection of a life which is, in the expressive slang of a contemporary reviewer, "too terribly local for words."

The substitution of the Students' Union Notes for the Editorial might be a distinct relief to the Editor who has no axe to grind, no philosophy to expound and no grievance to air.

As for ourselves, we have a few words to say on the subject of the "West Saxon." The first is one of pleasure that our Short Story Competition has met with a greater measure of success at its second than at its first trial. Mr. Dudley considers the two stories that we publish well up to the standard, and the entries on the whole distinctly improved on those of last term.

This seems to be only one of the many signs of increasing articulation in the college. Another is the threatened revival of Debating after at least two years of neglect. Our correspondent's letter, like the list of subjects in the corridor, shows that there are at any rate some West Saxons who are "thinking about it."

Most hopeful of all is the formation for the first time, as far as we know, of a group of enthusiasts for a literary Club. Hitherto the latter part of the Literary and Debating Society's name has been even more of a whited sepulchre than the former.

Our second word must be one of gratitude for the interest and encouragement that has been accorded the West Saxon by such friends as Mr. Dudley, Professor Pinto and, Dr. Lawton. A good many of our contributors were present at the tea when Professor Pinto and Dr. Lawton so kindly made some criticism of our last number and offered us suggestions for the next. Fewer perhaps were tempted to verse by Professor Pinto's offer of a prize for the best sonnet we could produce. Nevertheless it is gratifying this prize too has been won.

Lastly we must resign to Mr. Etches, who has for the past two years served as Sub Editor, and to his very able successor, Miss Hacker, the care of the "West Saxon."

(The winning story in the West Saxon Short Story Competition).

TRULY, thought Anne-Hippolyte de Thionville, a week or so in a pestilential prison of this kind would almost make a man believe in their accursed creed of equality. Here he was, an aristocrat by birth and he hoped, a gentleman by behaviour, herded in a none-too-clean stone store-house together with a rabble upon whose ancestries he dared not permit his mind to dwell. He glanced down at his wrist. It was encircled by a ruffle of lace, exquisite in design and texture, but soiled and dingy. Hitherto he had never seen it dirty—a clean frill had always appeared miraculously long before it was needed. His nails were long and ragged. He nibbled at them experimentally, without effecting any great improvement.

He gave it up and resigned himself to being slovenly, and looked about him in hopes of finding some means of distraction.

In one angle of the stone walls sat a stout man in a soiled velvet cloak. For two days he had remained in an attitude of abject despair, only moving when some entry convinced him that they had come to take him away.

De Thionville regarded him curiously. Fear is a sensation a gentleman does not experience; and of course he does not see it in his friends. It is the monopoly of children and the lower classes; it is a negligible factor in the existence of true society. De Thionville recognised the man for a Saint-Aubin. The Saint-Aubin were a poor-spirited family. Men said that they had once even been in trade. De Thionville did not mind so much the thought of facing death; he recoiled from facing it in company with a chandler's great-grandson.

De Thionville accosted the stout man.

"Monsieur," he began, "I fear there is no one here to make us known to one another. Let us dispense with the ceremony. My name is de Thionville."

Saint-Aubin looked up. He was half stupefied and his face was blotched with livid patches and unpleasant to look upon.

"You seem distressed," added de Thionville, in a tone of severest formality. "I trust that you have no cause for anxiety?"

Saint-Aubin looked at him like a man roused from nightmare by a madman, and answered, his voice thick with terror:

"Anxiety? My God, monsieur, they are going to murder us!"

"That may well be," agreed de Thionville. "We may be called upon to-day, and I have a prejudice of long-standing against doing at once what may well be put off till the morrow. Also I should be obliged to anyone who would tell me where I can have my lace washed."

Saint-Aubin clasped and unclasped his limp fat hands. He was deaf to everything but his own fear.

"I have a wife, God help her, a wife and three children; they will kill me; they will certainly kill me."

"I also have a wife," said de Thionville in a different voice; and then because sudden pressure upon a hurt will make a man brutal, he added:

"Or let us speak in the spirit rather than the letter and say I have a widow."

Saint-Aubin moaned. He had relapsed into an apathy of hopelessness. De Thionville felt for his snuff-box, and found it gone. He remembered that the gold work upon the lid had been valuable.

EGALITE.

That very afternoon they were summoned. De Thionville found himself in the same cart as Saint-Aubin who was by now completely imbecile with terror. Once the cart lurched and he was flung against the side. He screamed horribly and clutched de Thionville in a ghastly abandon to fear.

"My friend," observed de Thionville, "you show a strange preoccupation with your safety for a man who is going to certain death."

He was deliberately harsh. What right had this parvenu, this son of a tradesman, this lout, to lay naked his disgusting soul before the eyes of gentlemen? De Thionville had himself an unpleasant feeling as though his stomach were full of lead and his backbone were trying in vain to support it, but that did not mean that he was afraid, any more than did the malaise one sometimes felt on board ship.

They stopped. Presently he was aware of thousands of faces, and of a shining thing that ran down and then ascended more slowly to remain silhouetted as a triangle. So this was la Guillotine, the fatal mistress.

He was very near now. He saw the blade run down, and then ascend dappled and wet. He thought of Marguerite and the dress she had worn at that last hurried interview. Her eyes had been wet too; her mouth was as red as that blade.

They were dragging along something that screamed and clawed at the ground with its desperate hands. To the aristocrat it all seemed unthinkably ill-bred. There was no one in front of him now.

He turned to the man who gripped him by the elbow.

"My friend," he said, "I cannot possibly be touched by that blade unless it be wiped. That good man has soiled it."

It caught the brutal fancy of the citizen. He spoke a word to a companion, stepped forward again and spoke again to the engineer.

The blade was lowered and wiped with a handful of filthy rag.

De Thionville stepped forward. He felt mechanically for his snuff-box, but it was gone. The dirty ruffie at his wrist offended him; but after all he could die serene; he had paid his tribute to the tradition of his faith.



ON AN AFRICAN MISSION STATION.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from an Old Hartleyan in Africa. It was not written for publication, but we consider that it should be of interest to readers of the "West Saxon."—Ed.

" . . . Jane, the headmistress, often goes to outstation schools, generally about twenty miles from here, to inspect the work of the solitary teacher. Of late I have had the honour of being her companion. I enjoy it, not only for the knowledge and amusement gained from the school, but on account of the perils of a fifty mile ride on Rhodesian country roads and across the open veldt in an old tin-lizzie with a reckless driver ; of the start before dawn, sunrise behind countless kopjes, breakfast cooked and eaten on the veldt and a visit to town on the way home. When I go it means leaving the classes I teach for the day. As the whole thing is so enjoyable, I wished, and expressed my desire, that Standard VI should have a chance of coming too, and I used as an argument the fact that they as potential teachers should know about outstations from practical experience, before they are sent to them.

Now last Thursday the Principal proposed taking Jane and me to an outstation, and, knowing what I wanted, said that he would take two Standard VI. girls as well. Jane acquiesced, and I drew lots for the two. It came to Olibile, a shy, beautiful, cynical and attractive young lady of sixteen, and Olatin, a lively, rather noisy and jolly child of eighteen, though, withal on the hideous side.

Now Jane is 'genteel': her upbringing is suburban, so while she naturally thinks that what I do is "done," she often gets severe shocks. The colour bar in B— isn't as bad as it is in the South, but it is unusual to see a white person walking with a native in the streets, natives get black looks in shops and are never allowed in cafes or places of amusement. Therefore when I suggested that the girls should wear Sunday dresses to go into town, Jane replied that they wouldn't get out of the car. I differed. Consequently she asked the boss if it would be necessary to go through town. When he said that it would, she asked whether the girls couldn't be left outside to walk home across the veldt. The suggestion was received with annoyance by Mr. Jones, who probably knew that if he had allowed it I should also have walked. Jane writhed— incidentally she asked me how I should like to be seen walking in the streets and shops with the girls. When I answered that it would cause me complete happiness, she became speechless in my presence : I stalked off in a silent temper, and then she waxed eloquent on the subject of "impetuous young enthusiasts." As a matter of fact, I didn't take the girls into shops. Olibile is the proudest and most sensitive person of my acquaintance, and I wouldn't expose her to the sneers of anyone. Olatin wouldn't have cared.

The great day arrived. When I got to the car the boss was at the wheel, and Jane, who usually considers it the right of the headmistress to sit in front, was ensconced, with an expression of acute martyrdom, in the back. That meant I must sit in front with the boss, while the girls would be in the back with Jane. Knowing they'd be shy at first, and that the adventure was entirely new to them, I made up my mind that they should not have the day spoiled by sulkiness. So I went and sat in the back too, and by the time the girls arrived, the boss and I had got Jane in front. For about an hour there was tension in the front while the back laughed and got excited. Eventually the mood spread, and all the party, including Jane was happy. In the school the girls took notes, inspected quietly and sensibly on their own behalf. For most of the morning they

ON AN AFRICAN MISSION STATION.

taught and showed the teacher how to conduct his school. Jane and the boss hadn't seen them at work before, and consequently a new respect arose, for they are ripping teachers. They lack nothing in technique and could take any lesson at a moment's notice, without being flustered.

. . . There were about seventy children in the school. They have a good building which serves as a church on Sundays. The teacher was a middle-aged man who had passed Standard II. He had no grades or standards, and taught one lesson at a time to the whole school, which, by the way, arrived on donkeys. The boys sat on forms in the front half of the room, on the right hand side, and the girls at the back on the left side. Lessons consisted of reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, scripture and English. The latter consisted of the master standing behind a child and saying a few words from the reader, which the child repeated. In Arithmetic he asked each child one oral question. Those who couldn't answer were put in a row in the front. When the lesson was over the teacher said to them in Sindebele, "Now if there were no visitors here I should beat you hard. But I'm afraid, so I shall do it to-morrow." On such occasions the visitors almost collapsed.

On the way home we had a jolly time, Mnali teasing the girls and Jane being nice to them. Jane said to me: "We've got a treat for Standard VI. I'm going to take them all to town with me to see the Museum." That from one who, the day before, wouldn't be seen in B—with a dirty nigger! . . . On Saturday she went to town with a native teacher, and it is rumoured that she even went into shops with her. These impetuous young enthusiasts!

The next evening our household invited two of the native teachers to supper, a thing which has never been done by white people here, and white people here, apart from Jane, are much more broadminded than those at most of the mission stations. But to have a meal with a native implies that the native can converse in English, and can master the arts of the dinner table. We considered that they could. They were taken aback at the invitation, but they came, and we all had a jolly time.

That is life on a Mission Field! . . ."



THE CECIL PEACE PRIZE.

FOR an essay connected with some aspect of the work of the League of Nations in the maintenance of Peace, the Cecil Peace Prize of £100 is offered yearly to any undergraduate of a British University who is not yet twenty-five years of age.

The subject for this year is: "*The Relation of the Pact of Paris for the Renunciation of War to the Covenant of the League of Nations.*"

The essay should be between ten and twelve thousand words in length. Full particulars may be obtained from the N.U.S., 3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

IMPLEMENTING THE PACT.

By an English Student of International Affairs.

THE Kellogg Pact has been signed. Its reception among the powers has been mixed. Some powers, notably Italy, make it obvious that they signed the Treaty out of politeness. Others, particularly the weaker and the disarmed countries, welcome, or affect to welcome, it more or less warmly. Enlightened opinion in this country regards it as the most hopeful advance towards peace that has yet been made.

But though the Treaty has been signed the world remains as it was. Armies and Navies flourish as before and the general world situation has in practice been apparently unaffected by the signing of the Treaty.

Now, whatever Mr. Coolidge may say about preparation for war constituting the best defence against it, the world as a whole emerged from the Great War convinced that exactly the opposite was the case, and that the existence of rival armaments inevitably leads to their eventual use against each other. But rival armaments are still with us, and we should only deceive ourselves if we claimed that the present world situation was free from danger. On the contrary it is far from being satisfactory and holds within itself only too obviously the seeds of another conflict. If no other sign was needed, the recent speech of the President of the United States must be held as ominously reminiscent of some of the utterances of the leaders of pre-war Germany.

If then the Treaty for the outlawry of war is to shield us from future warfare, we cannot afford to waste time putting it into effect. If we delay too long, the next war will be upon us before the Treaty has begun to operate.

But how are we to do it? The Treaty as it stands is no more than a pious declaration. How is it to be made actually to dominate the situation?

The answer to this question is an exceedingly difficult one. It is one that has been anxiously sought after by some of the best brains in the world for the past ten years without success. It is in fact doubtful if an authoritative answer is possible. We ought to realise that in this matter we are groping in the dark and whatever suggestions we put forward are incapable of proof in this generation and must wait for the future to justify or refute. It is no use, for instance, advocating immediate disarmament or any heroic measures of that sort, because no nation would listen to it. Nations may consent to disarm when they feel they will be secure without their armaments, but they certainly won't before. In what direction then does the solution lie? I have heard it stated that it lies in education, that we must in fact educate the nations up to the idea of the cessation of war.

While in general agreement with the root idea of this suggestion, I think the word "education" is a bad one to employ. It suggests that the man in the street is not specially canvassed to give it his attention or possibly to change his views. This is, I think, far from being the case. The man in the street, being in many cases the man who recently stood in the trenches, is only too painfully acquainted with war and all it means, and is only too anxious that neither he nor his descendants should have to stand in a trench again. If he appears to be apathetic about it now it probably arises partly from an acute desire to forget all about the late war and partly from the feeling of his own inability to affect the situation. But that the man in the street has more definite views about the abolition of war is beyond question.

I think there is no doubt that the more the man in the street can make his influence felt in the conduct of foreign affairs, the further removed is the probability of war.

IMPLEMENTING THE PACT.

The man who will hesitate the longest before resorting to war is the man who knows that war will turn him himself into cannon-fodder.

But how is the man in the street to assert his influence on foreign affairs? I think it is by publicity. Although it may be by votes that the forms of democracy are upheld, it is nevertheless by publicity that the voter maintains his hold on events. Every word spoken in Parliament is now reported in the public press, and the individual voter can see, if he wishes to, exactly how political events are shaping, and how his own member conducts himself and keeps his election pledges.

The same must surely apply to foreign affairs. If public opinion is to acquire a real control over the conduct of foreign affairs, full publicity is an essential condition of such control. Secret diplomacy must go and open negotiation take its place. For it is necessary to realise that for public control of foreign affairs to be effective, the whole course of the foreign affairs must be kept under continuous scrutiny. If criticism is reserved till the result of secret negotiations are reported or until a case occurs, it is usually too late to do anything, since by that time questions of national honour will be involved, which would not apply in the earlier stages.

It must therefore become the settled convention of diplomatic intercourse that all official communications, whether between officials of different countries or those of the same country must be regularly published in the same manner as Parliamentary reports. Such a system would have several beneficial effects. It would enable the public to follow the trend of foreign negotiations and so be able to keep hold on it. It would also affect the nature of the diplomatic intercourse itself. For men will say many things in secret which they would be ashamed to say in public. Men may in their private views be reactionary, cynical, frankly opportunist, or selfish, yet their public utterances will be found to be models of Christian enlightenment. For they know that the conscience of the world does not tolerate and never has tolerated anything less. The publishing of diplomatic intercourse would not of course prevent diplomatists saying what they liked in their private letters. But the important thing to note is that such secret correspondence would lose most of its present significance. Under the existing system of secret diplomacy a foreign minister is entitled and expected to make full use of his private letters and dispatches in the determination of foreign policy. But take away the validity of his secret correspondence and you take away half the value due to its secrecy.

A foreign minister will then be compelled to frame his policy in conformity with his public utterances. For if he does not, the discrepancy between his public statements and his diplomatic actions will lay him open to attack. If, again, he endeavours to evade the spirit of open diplomacy by withholding important information until his country is committed, he will be equally accused of breach of faith.

It is true that information is even now ultimately available to the public. If information is urgently demanded on foreign affairs it is always forthcoming. But Blue or White Books are never issued until the information they contain is too late to be made practical use of. What is required is not information when negotiations have reached or are reaching a crisis, but all the time they are going on. To ensure this, it is necessary that all important dispatches should be published as soon as possible after they are received. Any member of the legislature of whatever party, who so desires, should have access to all diplomatic correspondence. Such changes would enable Parliament to exercise a control over the course of foreign affairs which it does not at present possess. Under our present system members of the legislature desiring information on foreign affairs are dependent on what the Secretary of State thinks fit to give them. Under the proposed scheme, they can take what they want for themselves. Such an arrangement would enable members of the legislature and through them the public, to exercise a real supervision and control over foreign affairs.

THE WEST SAXON.

In the United States the assent of Congress has to be obtained before war is declared. Who can doubt that, if all the nations of the world were to adopt the same expedient, the possibility of resort to war would be rendered considerably more remote? Even, however, in the United States, foreign affairs are conducted in secret. How much more remote would war be rendered if all nations agreed to conduct their foreign correspondence in public.

Now it might be objected that the public generally would not take any interest in the published foreign reports. This can of course only be proved by experience, but in any case it will be the duty of the press to stimulate that interest. If, as is believed, the Press are whole-heartedly behind the movement to abolish war, they have it in their power to advance the cause of peace by educating the public taste in matters of foreign policy. The Press must make it their business to publish foreign news in full, whether there is news value in it or not. It will be their contribution towards the peace of the world.

Of course, it is only to be expected that the chancelleries of the world will fight hard against publicity. They will fight just as hard as did the House of Commons in the 18th Century, and for the same reason, namely, that publicity limits their power and diminishes their independence. But it is to the interest of world peace that their independence should be diminished.

And what is true of the national foreign officers is even more true of the League of Nations. If the League is ever to become the real composer of the world's differences, it is essential that nations should have confidence in the complete impartiality of the League Council. While the Council continues to deliberate in secret, full confidence can never be achieved because nations may suspect that they have not received justice. But this suspicion is bound to vanish if the Council deliberates in public, because nations can then see for themselves exactly how the decision is arrived at. After all, what confidence should we have in legal trials in which judge, jury and counsel argued the case in secret, accuser, accused, public and press being excluded from the court?

If the world can gain publicity in the conduct of its foreign affairs, it can be trusted to work out for itself ways and means of preventing those foreign affairs leading into warfare.

President Wilson was wiser than perhaps he himself knew when he put at the head of his 14 points "open covenants, openly arrived at."



THE HIGHEST PRAISE;

(*The sonnet which won Professor Pinto's prize*)

THE sonnet is the only perfect form
In which to hymn a high or fleeting theme.
Petrarch illumined Laura in its scheme—
Sweet sponsor of a many fathered swarm—
And Shakespeare made his friendship's tongue conform
To fourteen lines. With this Rossetti's dream
Would build the *House of Life*, towering supreme
To keep his ardour safe from rain or storm.
Through every change of chivalry and fashion
The poet still sings on with the old grace,
And men will always crystallise their passion
Into a sonnet to their lady's face.
And so, to diamond your beloved brow,
I celebrate you in a sonnet now.

M. L. HACKER.



ON AMARYLLIS.

CHARM is that which cannot be described. We know only this, that, whatever it be, Amaryllis hath it. For it makes those who see her desire to see her again, and those who know her, to remain her friends.

But this is no immoderate praise of Amaryllis. Faults she has, and those grave, as many as virtues being positive in all that she does. She is a cynic and a wit; yet can she be moved by a romantic tale; and do you complain cravenly, will lament you the more tenderly that she likes not a superfluity of sympathy herself. She cannot forget herself; yet I would challenge you to find a woman more natural, be she the cynosure of eyes. She has assumed a pose to life, which she wears before her chosen audiences. She half despises those who are convinced by it. For Amaryllis, who can judge most things, is no good judge of men. Also, though I hold her in affection I will say that she is self-centred, but I will concede that it is a worthy centre of radiation.

She belies her sex in part. She uses no delicacy of speech, and it is her pleasure to batter upon prudish ears. She affects to do all manner of unfeminine things. She will oil you a machine and use it, and, unless you be tireless, I warrant she will outwalk you. She will be seen twenty times in manly tweeds and heavy shoes; but the twenty-first she will dazzle you in clinging silks and dainty flounces; and indeed she has a most feminine delight in clothes and dexterity in making them. Manlike she hates scandal, and unwomanly, she takes delight in her own sex; yet have I heard her say most biting

THE WEST SAXON.

things upon occasion. She is constant to her friends, and do you criticise them hardly, will rate you soundly ; but for days will she evade them, and theirs is no easy position. Though she will not fail you in a matter of importance, she will be plaguily late when you are waiting for her. To her chosen friends she hath a gracious way of humility, and will have it that they confer the favour, and yet her intimacy is as closely guarded as any Hesperidian garden ; and though there be treasures within, I have heard the malicious doubt, if I may a little confuse my image, whether they warrant such an array of flaming sword. And there are some who may range at will over some small part, to be met by hedges every way save that of retreat ; and such is that charm of which I have spoken that we sit there for hours searching for a gate while we might be away exploring far more promising country. Enthusiastic in enterprise, she is yet lethargic in habit ; she will make her fortune more happily than her bed.

And yet Amaryllis chooseth whom she likes to be her friend, and is seldom refused. Indeed myself, I have never hung back.

PERIGOT.



ROMANCE.

AND you'll meet me here on Wednesday,—I'll bring the punt along again?" "Yes," the girl answered simply, knowing well enough what the meeting meant, "I'll be ready by two."

Stepping lightly ashore she ran up the mossy steps leading from the river, and waved good-bye at the top before disappearing through the trees. In silent admiration he watched her go, marvelling at her slender height and at the mass of hair which a slanting ray of sunlight had transformed into living gold. For a time he stood motionless, wrapped in his dreams, then with long, effortless strokes punted away up-stream with thoughts for nothing but two o'clock next Wednesday.

Yet when Wednesday came the outlook of both had completely changed. They met as they had so often met before; but though trying to make no difference, each felt the invisible barrier which had grown up between them. For in the past week they had realised what their marriage would mean, shed in seven short days the impulsiveness of youth and acquired the far-seeing vision of middle-age. She had looked at her crumbling riverside home, the garden stretching in a tangled wilderness of beauty down to the shadowy Thames, the boathouse deep in shadow, where water gurgled among the piles and a solitary canoe lay rotting to decay; and, as she saw it all, vowed she would never marry a man who could do nothing to save her parents from poverty and that lovely house from its inevitable ruin. And Dennis Falconer on his side thought of his underpaid and precarious job, and of the absurdity of ever taking this gay butterfly to live in a "semi-detached." Fay—the very name mocked at poverty, for she was as lovely as her name, and as fragile.

They chatted nervously and at random until the crowded Henley reaches glided past, and the last strains of a raucous gramophone died away in the distance. The pole grated on the shingle as Dennis nosed the craft into the quiet of Hennerton backwater. Pollard willows cast trembling shadows into the water, which in its turn reflected back a quivering image of the sky; the bank was bright with flowers and every breath of air heavy with the scent of meadowsweet; while at intervals came the hushed whispering of wind among the reeds. It was an enchanted place. As the branches closed over their heads he shipped the pole and they paddled idly on to Hennerton Bridge, built so low, that, beneath, it was impossible to remain upright. Bending forward they passed together beneath that tiny arch of stone which seemed to mark the entrance to another world. The girl's hair swept across Dennis's cheek and all his carefully suppressed emotions surged up more strongly than ever. Gone were all those fine resolves, that hardly acquired restraint. The hot air of summer was in his blood and he felt that at all costs he had to speak. With a rush out came the proposal which was meant never to be spoken, and Fay's rapture was as complete as his own. They drifted down the quiet backwater utterly oblivious of the outside world, yet the sky was as blue as ever and the waving grass as wonderful: a kingfisher flashed from bank to bank like a streak of blue and orange light.

Crash! The punt grounded on a shoal, swung round, and ran hard against the bank. The girl recalled herself with a start. Where were her senses? "I can't marry you," she almost sobbed, in a voice so far away that she hardly recognised it as her own; and, as in a dream, heard Dennis telling her he should never have spoken. Had she seen that kingfisher only a minute ago? Already the memory of the little bridge seemed half a life time away.

THE WEST SAXON.

"Darling," he said, gazing down on her upturned face, "you understand . . . you'll meet me as a friend?" How adorable she looked, yet how frail: more than ever his mind was made up: Fay could never be a poor man's wife. "I can't," she said dully, "I love you too much for that. We would only make things harder for each other."

"But I won't give you up like that. It's impossible. Let me see you at least once more—it's not much to ask."

"Not for a long, long time," returned the girl, "later, perhaps, when we're more sensible."

"Next week?"

"Next week!" Even in her misery she could still smile. "Will you be sensible then? Because I know I won't. No, we must wait until we're really old and staid—say in twenty years time . . . Dennis! stop looking at me like that. I can't bear it."

And because, for all their common sense, they were still young and very much in love, they made a solemn promise to meet again at that little bridge in twenty years' time. "Twenty years," he repeated bitterly, "Well, I'll be here. We'll come in our own punts, if we're not dead and buried. I'll be still the same and perhaps if I've made a success of things you'll marry me then. How old we'll both look!"

Fay shivered at the thought, though age seemed very distant as they talked on while the shadows lengthened on the grass until the girl said that they must part.

"At least you'll let me take you home now?" said Dennis. "No. I'll land here. I can't stay any longer. I daren't. Twenty years—Goodbye."

She stepped ashore, eyes blinded by tears, and from the punt Dennis sadly watched her go; the chuckle of a moor-hen seemed to mock them for a pair of senseless fools. For her heart had not been so nearly broken as she had imagined, and six months after bidding Dennis farewell Fay married an old family friend, John Deighton.

Twenty years had left their mark on Fay, the more so as she was not happy. How could one be, she reflected savagely, with such an exasperating husband, so stolid, so annoying. Of course, he was generous enough in a way, but why would he always expect her to take such an absorbing interest in the latest stock exchange rates and in his golf handicap, which in any case was too big to boast about. He read the paper all breakfast, too, and stayed out until dinner time, so that she was rapidly coming to consider herself a neglected wife. And the knowledge that her own lack of sympathy in her husband's interest was to a great extent responsible for his indifference in no way added to her peace of mind. A frown now becoming almost habitual marred her once pretty face. John never called her Fay now, always 'My dear,' and what an old stodgy sound it had: she loathed the name—for the Fay of the old sunlit days would never realise she was Fay no longer. It was only lately that there had been friction, and, of course, she forced herself to remember, it was for money she had married John,—money to help her people and her old home. Though they still lived near the Thames it no longer possessed the same attraction, and she hated it for all the associations of lost happiness which it brought. How she had gloried in the river of her youth, and the old house which her husband had insisted on selling when her parents died. Yet it had been practically the price of her marriage to him. There was that silent backwater near Henley and the man, Dennis Falconer, with whom she had once thought herself so very much in love. She sighed: perhaps she really had been, after all. And that day near Hennerton came back to her as from yesterday. A moorhen chuckled, and over Fay memories swept in a flood. There was some pact or other . . .

Half an hour later she was running through the diaries of her girlhood, kept only from habit, and lying deep in the recesses of an unused chest. "Drive!" she muttered,

ROMANCE.

as she read, but in her boredom and irritation looked out the date of the tryst and determined to go. It was next Saturday.

On Saturday she took refuge in a regular woman's lie. "Going shopping," half hoping John would suspect something, or at least plan to go with her. That hope faded. He merely looked casually over his newspaper, murmured, "Certainly, my dear," in his pleasant way and continued reading.

Soon after lunch she took the train to Henley, and hired one from among the swaying row of punts. Already her feelings as regards the trip had become very mixed and, revealed in its stark outline, she realised how intensely foolish the whole thing was. Only the determination to keep her promise prevented Fay from turning back, and going home there and then. "Of course," she comforted herself, "Dennis won't be there,—men forget so easily,—still, he might."

Conscious that she was not looking her best the woman hoped fervently her old lover *had* forgotten. Through lack of practice she felt out-of-place and awkward. The pole rose and fell with spasmodic jerks, at each stroke sending a runnel of water up her sleeve, and turning the bottom of the punt into a miniature lake. She felt a blister form on each hand and knew that the wave in her hair, produced entirely by the hairdresser's art, had completely gone. It was a depressed woman who finally drew into Hennerton Backwater, chafing at the low boughs whose tips caressed her cheek. She bent beneath the little bridge and looked eagerly up the well-known winding of the river. "How annoying!" the place was already occupied, but not by Dennis. One glance was enough to show her that the interloper was stout, middle-aged, and entirely unattractive. Fay paddled on, inwardly fuming, determined to wait only ten minutes longer and then go home. Relief at his defection melted into annoyance. She might have known he wouldn't come.

From behind an amused voice hailed her,—*"Fay!"* She turned sharply and realised with a shock that the call came from the fat man in the loud-patterned waistcoat lying where Dennis should have been. Dimly she realised it must be Dennis altered out of all recognition, and wondered if she, too, was as greatly changed.

It was a ghastly reunion. Within a quarter of an hour each was fervently wishing it was over. Shamefacedly both confessed to their marriages. Dennis, it seemed, had waited seven years. Fay, hot with shame at the lie, told him she had waited ten. And so it went on . . .

At last Fay murmured that she had a train to catch, and Dennis did not press her to wait. For some time after she had gone he lay on his back in the punt and wondered how he had ever loved that fretful-looking doll. At last he too pulled away upstream. On the way home he stopped at the most expensive florist in Henley and when his wife met him it was difficult to say which was the more rosy, the bright-hued carnations he held out to her, or her own bonny face.

Fay travelled back in a state of dreamy content, untouched by any vestige of disappointment or regret. John, after all, was one of the best. The words with which she greeted him were eloquent of her new-found happiness: "John, won't you take me to a show somewhere?"

And his reply no longer irritated:

"Certainly, m'dear, wherever you like."

MANC.

THE SLEEP OF THE CONDOR.

BEYOND the mists, beyond the mountains where
The eagles have their haunts, on summits deep
Out-carved by rushing stream, as if in sleep
The great bird gazes out with gloom austere.

Night swiftly rushes from the Eastern sky,
And veils in sleep the far-off sea-coasts lone :
She makes the silent continent her own,
And, ever-rising, reaches summit high.

He, like a spectre, bathed with blood-red light
Which gleams on snow, awaits this threat'ning sea
That Night brings with her, till he seems to be
Wrapped in her arms and hidden from the sight.

Then, with harsh cry, in joy from earth he flees,
And, still as air, sleeps o'er the lone Andes.

(Adapted from *Leconte de Lisle*.) M. MARSHALL.



THE DEAD OF ROMSEY ABBEY.

IT was a thousand years ago that a royal lady, tired of the world, decided to take the veil; and her father gave her an Abbey. Long after this its rulers were princesses, and that first lady at length became its patron saint, and now has her own chapel of Ethelflæda in the Church where once she worshipped. A second king enlarged the Convent Church, and somewhere under its foundations lies Edmund his son.

Under those same foundations slept a lady; but men have disturbed her and her young body has fallen to dust. Workmen digging discovered a stone coffin, lying pagan fashion from north to south, and there inside they found a Saxon girl. They touched her incautiously and she became a mound of grey powder, but you may still see her trinkets and her plait of auburn hair, tressed neatly for her last sleep, and disposed beneath her in the shape of an S. For more than a thousand years it has hardly changed, lying on its oaken pillow.

Here in this same abbey prayed Mary, daughter of Stephen. Her brother, William, died, leaving her countess of Boulogne, though still Abbess of Romsey. Then came Matthew, son of the Count of Flanders, and he prevailed upon her to break her vows. She left her nuns and her Abbey secretly and married him, and even bore him two children. But the Papal wrath pursued her, and both were excommunicated. For ten years they lived together, but at last the outraged Church hounded her back, some say to her convent, where presently she died. Until a few years ago a certain stone effigy of a lady in secular dress was pointed out as marking her tomb. It has been contradicted, but it would be pleasant to think that she lies at peace in that alcove behind the lovely arch, carved as befits the resting place of a princess. In any case perhaps she may be happy now, for assuredly she never was in her life. Her husband and children could never have freed her mind from the agony of her superstitious conscience.

On the list of Abbesses painted at the east end is the name "Alicia de Wintershull," and after it the dark legend "Poisoned." By then the saintly abbey of the royal ladies had become a very hot-bed of scandal and loose-living, and it has been suggested that the Abbess died of a stroke brought on by forcibly administered wine. She is probably buried, like all the sisters, in or under the walls of the Abbey. Surely her revengeful spirit must lurk somewhere about the beautiful Abbess's door. Of an earlier age was the coffin of Purbeck marble discovered during restorations. A great floriated cross had been inlaid in the lid, and inside were the bones of a man, a small man of little more than five feet, and wrapped in the fragments of priestly clothes. Besides him lay vessels used at Mass, broken and corroded with rust. Parts of his shoes had fallen to the side of his feet, for the stitches had rotted away and left the leather. Marks where the body had touched the sides suggest that if the priest was short he was not thin in proportion.

Another monument in the south transept offers an unsolved mystery. There are two imposing busts still showing rather faded paint, set side by side in a partly filled arch. They are of John Saint-Barbe and his wife Grissell. He wears a lace collar and abundant curls, and she, for all her twenty-two years, has a disdainful curl of her lip and a matronly fullness of throat. They died together, and at an age when death is not awaited, and left four sons. Did they die naturally—their lengthy inscription gives no hint—or was violence involved? But their tomb boasts a coat of arms, and beneath them kneel their four sons, holding each a twig of olive.

In the registers—kept carefully since 1569—are the records of other deaths. There we read that a soldier was hung for looting on the fine wrought sign of the Swan Inn.

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Here was buried an unknown soldier, wounded at Naseby, who was carried here and died, and here a soldier killed accidentally by his own musket.

But these are only a few of the dead that lie in the Abbey. Mount—if you have the rare opportunity—to that dizzy gallery that runs through the clerestory, up under the roof. You will climb perilously up, you will pass through the very heart of the chancel arch, and thence look down to the beauty of the strangely white building below. As you go, black and white robes of frightened nuns will seem to brush past you on the dim winding stair, and a priest will spy with you upon the sisters hearing Mass below. The whole Abbey is peopled as no trippers' centre can be, with many long-robed ghosts, who pray before the altars and pass through the perfectly worked doorways to reverence the Rood outside, where is carved—but living—the Greatest of all Dead.

M. H.



FINALS.

THERE is an ancient Wessex legend, dating from the Middle Ages, which tells how, years ago, the Devil himself came to Southampton on business. It so happened that his visit occurred in the summer of that year, and the Old Gentleman was very much concerned to find that students were taking advantage of the fine weather by disporting themselves in divers light-hearted ways, and deriving, let us hope, some modicum of happiness therefrom.

"Gadzooks, I'll soon fix this," quoth he (or words to that effect), and he proceeded forthwith to get into touch with the University of London, with which he was, and still is, closely connected.

He arranged that the Final Examination for London degrees should in future be held in the June of each year at certain provincial centres, of which Southampton should be one. "Thus," he thought, "I will extend my power over the students of the country, and never again will a member of London University be able to enjoy life in the Summer Term."

That was his plan; you know only too well, the Mephistophelian and Machiavelian success which it has achieved.

Consider how the average student lives, or rather, exists, during the summer term of his Final year. He returns after Easter already little more than a physical and mental wreck, as the result of his excesses in the pursuit of knowledge during the vacation.

He is called up to endure a period of persecution by tutors, lecturers and Professors of Education, and, he is told that his terminal results are enough to bring tears to the blind eye of Nelson's statue.

The agony, however, has hardly yet begun, for it is during the weeks immediately preceding the Examination that he suffers most. His dejection increases in geometrical progression as the days pass, and his grief is too deep for the tears which might bring relief. His companions, who knew him as a care free Inter. student, ask each other, "Can this be the blithe and frolicsome youth with whom our boyhood days were spent?" Shocked by the change, they pass him in the corridor with eyes averted, yet their attitude really denotes a silent sympathy and understanding, for they know that they too, must pass through the fires ere they can become purified graduates.

At last, the third Monday prior to the first Monday in July* arrives. The unfor-

* See "*Regulations relating to External Degrees.*" University of London.

FINALS.

tunate candidate pays daily visits to the abovementioned Provincial Purgatory of the University, and is provided with pen, ink and paper. He is expected to lay bare his innermost thoughts (if he has any), and to attempt to reduce to writing the produce of his two years of penance at the shrine of knowledge.

The moving finger writes the title of the paper, and having writ, stops. Its owner gazes at the ceiling, as if he would read there the riddle of the Universe or, what is even more difficult, of the University Examiner. Then, in a few halting words, he recounts the long story of his woes while an inexorable invigilator looks on gloatingly, and drinks tea.

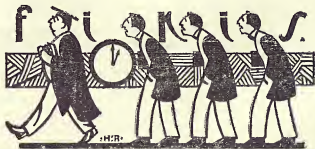
The last hour comes (Goodness knows how, but it comes) ; the last "Cease writing please," is pronounced ; the last atom of energy has been taken from the brain of the student, and he crawls away to await the result of his efforts.

It would be kinder to those people who are under the painful necessity of taking Final this term, if I drew a veil over the rest of the story, but my duty compels me to complete it by describing the manner in which the result of an examination is conveyed.

Of course, the envelope arrives by the 8 a.m. post, at which time of day, during the Long Vacation, students are invariably in bed. On being told by mother that there is a letter from London University, the student always dives under the bedclothes, and, from this retreat, asks whether the envelope is thick or thin. He is usually told that it is thin, in fact, extremely thin, whereby he knows that the authorities of the University of London, out of their goodness of heart, have graciously consented to allow him to make yet another effort to obtain a degree.

Thus, all his hopes, all his efforts, all his aspirations are brought to nought, and he finds himself travelling again the dreary way which leads from Inter. to Final, and, if he has profited by his experience, muttering (E. & O. E.) "Sic transit gloria mundi."

EKO.



REVIEWS.

Wessex

IN the second number of this magazine, the Editor summarizes the main events which have affected the college during the last year. This is a record of steady progress that should give satisfaction to all who have at heart the interests of the future University of Wessex. Probably because the article was written earlier, there is no mention of the gratifying success of the Students' Athletic Club on May 17th and 18th.

The initial article is the report of a lecture on "Poetry," broadcast by the Poet Laureate, which many will be glad to see in print. It is a serious and weighty speech which will repay careful study. Dr. Bridges speaks of a poet and of the way in which he conceives ideas—particularly the idea of beauty. He discusses the place of beauty in education and the possibilities of broadcasting for "flooding our primary schools with spiritual light."

There are two articles on English literature. That on "Shakespeare's Clowns" by Sir Mark Hunter is again the report of a lecture. Sir Mark, as most of us know, has decided views about Shakespeare, and he expresses them forcibly and vividly. Here he maintains that the clowns of Shakespeare are not buffoons and he examines the parts played by them in the various plays, so that their individual characteristics are revealed and appreciated.

Professor Margoliouth, formerly of this college, gives a short account of George Herbert, illustrated by some of his best poems.

Mr. Ford gives a number of convincing reasons for undertaking an economic and social survey of Southampton, and Mr. Hodgson makes a beginning of such a survey by discussing local variations in the density of housing. It is good to read that all students of economics will in future have to do some actual work in this direction. Mr. Hodgson makes use of the statistics of 1921 to compile a map which shows the number of rooms per person throughout Wessex.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the volume is the appearance of Mr. Hodgson as a poet. Like the most intense passages of Francis Thompson's best poems, Mr. Hodgson's charming little piece, "For the Feast of the Babe" is at once simple and extremely impressive.

"For a Guest Chamber," the poem that won the Wessex poetry competition, is another admirable piece of work. Mr. de Friston uses the l sound as a lullaby in "In pleasant langour lie till slumber come" as Tennyson does to give an impression of peace in his *Morte D'Arthur*. There are three other poems by Mr. de Friston, but this is the most pleasing.

It would be a pleasure to see more of Mr. Romney Green's work. Like William Morris, the poet is apparently a craftsman. "Columbus" has something of Morris's joy of romantic adventure. The rhyme within the lines is not obvious, but its use adds greatly to their melody.

The Editor contributes an ode, for which he has chosen a rather harsh metre and a scheme of rhyming, the effect of which depends upon the reader's having a delicate ear. There is a danger of the rhyme passing unperceived as in the Pindaric Odes. This suits the third stanza, but is, in the whole poem, less obviously pleasing than a smoother and easier metre would have been. The poem gains in effect from a second reading, and must be allowed to be one of the three best in the book.

There are numerous other poems and articles. Mr. Furley tells us more about Old Winchester and is aided by Mr. Hardy and the Archdeacon of Winchester. Professor

REVIEWS.

Lyttel writes in praise of Mussolini and Professor Wildon-Carr introduces a political philosopher to the general reader, though one must agree with him that Malmesbury is hardly Wessex.

Finally Dr. Montefiore speaks of the great debt that we owe to our late Vice-President, Dr. Alex. Hill. This is the tribute of one great friend of Wessex to his dead comrade. No one who reads this plain story but must feel increased gratitude to and reverence for Dr. Hill.

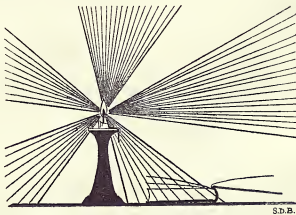
N. D. N. S.

The Intelligent Student's Guide to Europe (C.I.E., 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. 6d.)

The Confederation Internationale des Etudiants has produced an interesting and extremely valuable little supplement to its Handbook of Student Travel. The first part comprises a calendar of the chief events which are due to take place all over Europe during the summer vacation, arranged under an alphabetical list of the countries. Such widely different items as the Hadyn Festival at Eisenstadt, the "pardons" of Brittany, the International Aeronautic Competition at Rotterdam and the Universal Esperanto Conference at Budapest find a place in this programme.

The second part is occupied with information of a more permanent nature. It contains notices of the various international student bodies and gives some account of the facilities they offer to students.

In recommending this publication of the C.I.E. to the traveller we cannot do better than to quote from Professor Gilbert Murray's foreword: "The intelligent students will enjoy themselves more than the others, and get a much better idea of the character of whatever part of Europe they visit."



CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, The West Saxon, University College, Southampton.

Dear Sir,

The Summer number of the West Saxon is hardly the place in which to discuss the Literary and Debating Society. The Long Vacation is a suitable time in which to forget all matters of work and interest in College Societies. Yet the knowledge that this number will come before the eyes of the Freshers prompts me to put before you one or two ideas.

I would ask, first, whether the Debating Society justifies its existence. It is a matter of common knowledge, outside University circles, that the Debating Societies of the older Universities are the societies par excellence. I would venture to suggest that the Debating Society at U.C.S. is the least important of all its non-academic societies.

Having made some destructive criticism I can but put forward a number of constructive suggestions in the hope that the adoption of one or more of them will assist in bringing back the Society to its former flourishing condition.

First let me appeal to all to realise that this reconstruction will only be possible with a mutual understanding between the rest of the students and those responsible for the organisation of the meetings. The organisers must give of their best: the rest of the students must see that they provide first class audiences, including a number of persons not afraid to take part in a debate and express their own opinions.

If a fair sized audience can be obtained, there is not the slightest reason why eminent men in various walks of life should not be invited to participate as at Oxford and Cambridge. Further I would suggest that the General Public be invited to attend the Inter-Varsity Debate which should be staged for that purpose in the Assembly Hall.

Rumours are current of the formation of Political Parties in College. Would not these, with the Debating Society, form the nucleus of a Mock Parliament?

It is all very well taking off our hats to the past glories of the Debating Society: we would do far better to take off our coats to the Future!

Yours faithfully, LONDINIENSIS.



POLITICAL MEETINGS.

AT the invitation of the Students' Union, each of the political parties in Southampton sent a speaker to address a lunch-hour meeting in the college hall during the week preceeding the election.

We publish below accounts of the three meetings. The report has in each case been made by a political opponent of the speaker.

Conservative

Political meetings were introduced on May 22nd, when Mr. Williams addressed us in the Conservative cause. He proposed to demolish the policies of the Liberal and Labour parties before proceeding to rear upon their ruins the triumphant edifice of Conservatism.

He opened his attack on the Liberals by stigmatising their unemployment policy as hopelessly inadequate. It seemed absurd, he said, to think of taking the unemployed irrespective of trade and profession and of setting them to the manual labour of road making.

When the fainting economists had been removed, Mr. Williams went on to assert that the Liberals had no proposals for railway reform, which seemed to him to demand more attention than the roads. In answer to a question, he said that he had read Mr. Lloyd George's pamphlet "We Can Conquer Unemployment," and Keynes' and Henderson's "Can Lloyd George do it?" besides "other Labour propaganda."

The leadership of the Liberal Party next occupied him. While he, like a good many other Conservatives, was far from forgetting or minimising the services that Mr. Lloyd George had rendered during the war, he considered him, at the head of a much divided party, no fit premier for the country. In connection with the divisions in the Liberal camp he quoted the opinions of several leading Liberals, expressed for the most part during 1926.

The charge of being divided against itself Mr. Williams also brought against the Socialist party. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald he found incapable of coping with his followers. The Socialists had made extravagant promises which they had done nothing to fulfil during their term of office.

Demands for the date and context of some of the authorities he cited caused Mr. Williams some pain. He promised to satisfy them by letter, though he protested against the apparent reflection on the word of a gentleman.

In conclusion Mr. Williams expressed great disappointment that time did not permit him to enter upon the subject of constructive Conservative policy.

P. S.

Labour

On May 24th, Mr. Morley, one of the Labour candidates for the constituency, addressed a meeting in the college hall. He began by emphasising the fact that the Labour party had a constructive and practical policy, especially valuable for social reform, which he proceeded to outline.

The necessity for a re-distribution of wealth was shown, he said, by the fact that five per cent of the population enjoyed forty-five per cent of the nation's wealth and that, among the working classes themselves, a large percentage was not called upon to pay income-tax. In order to give a better wage to those receiving less than £3 per week, the Labour party intended to impose a Tax upon all unearned income above £500 per annum. Thus a capital of roughly £10,000 would be necessary before anyone became

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liable to taxation. In addition to the sur-tax, a super-tax would be levied upon those whose earned incomes were more than £10,000 per annum. The fund thus raised would be used to provide work and to improve social conditions generally. Here we must digress for a moment to express the hope that Mr. Spelman's abilities in the field of Economics have improved since he attempted to show that every wage-earner would under these circumstances receive at least £6 per week.

Mr. Morley said that his party aimed not only at reducing unemployment and at employing men in their own particular trade, but also at creating stable conditions of employment. He accused Mr. Lloyd George of deliberately lifting the Liberal unemployment programme from the Labour party, after having rejected a similar scheme during his premiership in 1921. This scheme dealt with road-making, re-afforestation, drainage and reclamation of land, all of which would provide new employment and tend to increase national resources.

The scheme in itself, however, would be insufficient to absorb the number of unemployed, and other remedial measures would also have to be considered. The number of very old and very young wage earners was to be reduced. As the old age pension of 10s. per week was totally inadequate to provide decent conditions of life for any aged person, it would be increased to an amount sufficient to make comfortable retirement possible.

The labour market would be somewhat relieved by the raising of the school age, which was another proposed reform. The Labour Party believed in the best possible education for all children, regardless of their parents' position and it was anxious to provide increased educational and maintenance grants.

The speaker went on to describe the Labour Party's policy for the stabilisation of employment. He stated that the production of such luxuries as steam yachts and Rolls Royce cars ought in future to be replaced by the production of the necessities of life for the needy. In this way the fluctuating employment of those engaged in producing luxuries at the dictates of fashion would be stabilised.

Further the Labour Party, if returned to power, would take steps to obtain the ratification of the Washington Convention for a forty-eight hour week, which would be of particular advantage to women workers and especially to shop assistants.

After the address several questions were put to the speaker. In answering these he referred to his party's policy of the nationalisation of agriculture. Under this scheme the farmer would become a tenant of the state not of a private landlord—freeholders apparently are non-existent. With the modern methods of agriculture placed at his disposal the farmer could make land several times more productive. A commission would be set up to buy large stores of wheat from the colonies, and this, added to home produce, would supply the needs of the country. As there would then be fixed prices and a sure market for crops, the farmer would be able to give all his time to the actual business of farming.

In favour of Free Trade, Mr. Morley instanced the prosperity of the motor-car industry after the abolition of the McKenna duties in 1924.

In conclusion, he stated that the Labour Party did not advocate immediate and complete disarmament, but rather a policy of gradual reduction of forces in conjunction with other countries.

K. H.

Liberal

A well-attended Liberal meeting at which both the Liberal candidates, Mr. Whitehouse and Mr. Lamsley were present, was held on Friday, May 24th. Mr. Whitehouse expressed the pleasure he felt in addressing an audience of students since he so fully recognised that the future belonged to youth. He said that he and his colleagues had come prepared for cross-examination and were ready to answer any relevant questions.

POLITICAL MEETINGS.

He had decided to speak about the education policy of the Liberal party which advocated wide educational reform. The school age must be raised, and schools made suitable for children of a certain age and not of a certain class. In spite of his restrained admiration for the other political parties, he submitted that the Conservatives had failed. In spite of their great majority, in four and a half years they had done nothing to relieve the unemployment question, and Mr. Baldwin with his pipe, pointing to the growing broccoli, was not enough to satisfy the country (broccoli, however, appeared to be the favourite vegetable of some of the audience). The speaker pointed out that "safeguarding of industries" was the same thing as "Protection," and that it necessitated profits at the expense of the nation and the buyers.

He submitted that, as the Liberal party existed in the interests of the poor, there was really no reason for the existence of the Labour party, although some of his audience might be interested in it (applause). He had had personal experience in some of the worst slums in England, and believed that there should be no "East" and "West" Ends in our great cities. On being asked why he was not a Socialist, he replied that in so far as it destroyed personal liberty, Socialism was in itself an evil.

Mr. Lamsley, in the few moments at his disposal, gave a precis of the programme of the Liberal party, emphasizing the fact that it faced post-war problems with a post-war mind. The Liberals realised that we must rely more on our own resources, and especially that agriculture must be encouraged. Their policy was super up-to-date, and recognized the fact that new heavens and new earth had to be worked for.

During the question time, Mr. E. B. Dyson asked the speaker from what sources Mr. Lloyd George had obtained his election money. Mr. Whitehouse replied that it came from Party funds raised by the Chief Whip, but he, personally, was in favour of publishing an account of every penny received. Miss Trout raised the question of family endowment, which Mr. Whitehouse said was believed in by the Liberals. Mr. Sebborn asked why proportional representation was abolished as one of the planks of the Liberal platform, and Mr. Chornick why the slum areas, of which the speaker had told them, generally returned Socialist M.P.s. On one occasion the Chairman, Mr. R. G. Fulton, was forced to repress some distinctly fatuous comments and questions.

M. M.





HARRIERS' CLUB.

A DEPARTURE from the usual procedure was taken this year in that the Sports were held on our own field. This naturally necessitated a considerable amount of unfamiliar organisation on the part of the Secretary and all credit is due to him for the occasion compared very favourably with those of previous years.

The quality of the sport provided was good, and several records went by the board. Science once again gained the Men's Championship and made their supremacy even greater by adding to it that of the Women.

The event of the term has, however, been not the Sports, but the I.V.A.B. Championships held at Birmingham at Whitsun. For the first time, the College entered them, and our capabilities were easily proved by the fact that we finished sixth out of the fourteen Universities competing. We were not blessed with the best of luck, and yet our calibre was proved when every member of the team except one succeeded in reaching the final of his event. On the day of the finals our points were gained by C. Batstone who followed up his winning the title of Best Champion on Sports Day by gaining third and second in the 100 and 220 yards respectively. His performance was all the more creditable because the winner in both events was Jack London, the Olympic sprinter. In the Half-Mile, F. Knibbs added to his laurels by breaking the I.V.A.B. record. Even then he was only placed second. He and Batstone have since been chosen to represent the English Universities against the Scottish Universities and so have added to the College's reputation for athletics.

Since then the Hants A.A.C. have been met and soundly defeated so that, on the whole this season promises to be the most successful ever experienced.

J. C.

NETBALL CLUB.

THIS season has not been very successful from the point of view of matches lost and won. Out of 18 games played, the 1st VII has lost 10, drawn 1, and won 7. We have scored 217 goals against the 252 of our opponents.

We have, however, enjoyed some very fine games, especially those against the Universities of Bristol and Reading.

Full colours have been awarded to Misses M. Darey (captain), and R. Mann.

Half-colours have been awarded to Misses C. P. Baker, K. Bedford, O. Davies and W. Taylor.

R. M.



WOMEN'S HOCKEY ELEVEN, 1928-29.



THE NETBALL TEAM, 1928-29.



MEN'S HOCKEY ELEVEN, 1928-29.



HARRIERS, 1928-29.



THE RUGGER FIFTEEN, 1928-29.



THE SOCCER TEAM, 1928-29.

ATHLETICS.

TENNIS.

AT the beginning of the season we found ourselves with only four of last year's 1st XII, and of these the most useful, Mr. L. H. Shave, has been away all the term***. The Seniors v. Juniors match, which resulted in an 11—1 win for the Seniors, revealed little fresh talent. Hence there can be no surprise at the depressing record—only one win in nine matches. The greatly diminished margin by which the return matches have been lost shows that the team is improving; we therefore hope to have our revenge on Goldsmith's College (who defeated us 19—17) when we visit them on June 9th.

The new courts at Swaythling are much appreciated by College and all visiting teams, and have not only made possible the arrangements of many more matches than in former years, but have increased the enthusiasm for tennis outside the teams—an augury we hope for a more successful future.

E. M. S.

*** Here insert a hymn of hate to the Education Department.



Hall Notes.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

IT has been said that to read much is to learn much and thanks to the generosity of Sir Graham Green there is no reason why all Stoneham men should not in the future become veritable mines of information. Sir Graham has presented the Hostel with a magnificent gift of books and pictures so that our hitherto barren library shelves are now abundantly filled. The pictures are slowly being distributed over the House, greatly enhancing its mural decoration. Unfortunately the library is not yet open for general use, but will be ready by the beginning of next session.

The staff were entertained to dinner early in the term when a particularly enjoyable evening was spent, certain usually impassive faces even being seen to smile. A tutor on that occasion was heard to remark that Hostel fare was'n't so bad after all, but he has since come to his senses.

Amongst other distinguished guests, we have had the honour of entertaining individually to dinner, Mr Montefiore, President of the College, and Professor Biskett of Cambridge.

At Whitsun the hostel was subjected to its usual invasion of past notorieties, whose presence was made particularly manifest in bathrooms where soap and other toilet requisites diminished considerably.

An attempt has been made to take a hostel photograph, but owing probably to our natural bashfulness, the results were hardly satisfactory, and after a period of recuperation we are again to face the camera.

L. N.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

DURING the short summer term with its inevitable climax of examinations, House social functions have more or less ceased to be. As last year, however, Montefiore Hall and Russell House joined in entertaining the Staff to an "At Home" in the Music Studio on May 24th. A large measure of the success of the

THE WEST SAXON.

entertainment was due to the performances of the Montefiore Hall Orchestra, which played various selections during tea.

We wish every success to all Montefiorians who are sitting for external examinations this term, and also to those who will be going down at the end of the Session

R. M.

SOUTH HILL.

THIS term has been an unusually full one. Pleasant evenings spent entertaining Russell House, and playing friendly matches with Highfield Hall, the general bustle of outdoor activities and examination fever, have all contributed to filling every moment.

It is with regret that many of us realise this is our last term.

D. L. H.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

IN contrast to the busy winter terms, this term has been very quiet, and the hall notes will, of necessity, be very brief. Our days now are spent in work, in preparation for the various examinations so near at hand, and our chief relaxation is a daily visit to the new hostel, which grows apace.

The only inter-hostel function which has taken place is the ping-pong tournament between Highfield and South Hill. Both as the home team, and in the return match at South Hill, Highfield was victorious.

N. M. L.

RUSSELL HOUSE.

WE were unfortunate enough to lose our secretary at Christmas, and we wish him the best of luck in his new post. I must thank all those who have helped carry out the secretarial duties in his absence.

The members of the house were entertained at South Hill early in the term, and, in spite of a cheerless drizzle which prevented our juniors from having their first sight of the grounds, the usual jolly evening was spent in a very friendly atmosphere. Dancing occupied the major part of the time.

On May 24th, we aided Montefiore Hall in entertaining the Staff to tea. A thoroughly enjoyable two hours was spent in the Music Hut, in eating, talking and in listening to music by an orchestra, in which it is regretted, Russell House was conspicuous by its absence.

One member of the Staff was apparently giving a free cookery demonstration in one corner, showing an admiring audience how slowly his salted buns (!), and how quickly his sugary ones hardened.

Those of us who are going down this term wish the House the very best of luck for next year, and a smooth passage to those who find themselves in office and on committees, whether of the House or of other societies of the College.

S. C. G.



STUDENTS' UNION NOTES.

SINCE the "West Saxon" made its last appearance many noteworthy events relating to the Union, have taken place. Foremost among these was the visit of the University Grants Commission, at the end of last term. As the Commission had expressed a wish to meet representatives of the students it was received by the Students' Council in its Hut, where a very enjoyable and interesting discussion of student affairs ensued. It will doubtless afford members of the Union much satisfaction to learn that Sir Arthur Keith, who was a member of the Commission, affirms that our new Kelly possesses at least a British skull.

For some time past there has been a feeling of dissatisfaction among the students with the system which demands their attendance at every lecture of their particular courses. In response to a letter from the Students' Council the Senate very kindly offered to meet a delegation of students in order to discuss the matter. Two meetings took place. At the first of these, which was held during last term, four members of the Students' Council met a special committee of Senate. The second meeting at which the whole Senate was present took place at the beginning of this term. It would not be fitting to proceed any further without expressing our deep appreciation of the very sympathetic attitude of the Senate towards the question.

At first the Students' Council sought to obtain an optional system of lectures, by which students should be given a gradually increasing amount of freedom, so that during the last year of his college career, he should be almost entirely responsible for the arrangement of his own work. After much discussion and deliberation the Students' Council was forced to the conclusion that this state of affairs, though ideal from an individualistic point of view, would be quite impracticable in a college of the type of our own. Senate was therefore asked to consider a percentage system, similar to that in force in the majority of the new universities, and university colleges. Its decision has not yet been communicated to the Students' Council.

An innovation which is likely to prove of great use to the students is the newly instituted stationery and second-hand book-shop. Students will in future be able to deposit standard text books which they no longer require in the shop, where they will be re-sold for a small commission. This will be of great service to going down students. Our best thanks are due to the college authorities for allowing us space in the Enquiry Office for this purpose, and for permitting Miss Aslett to devote part of her time to the work.

A highly desirable addition is to be made during the long vacation to the equipment of the cloakrooms. Instead of the old unsatisfactory wooden lockers, metal lockers are being put in by the College who will charge a small rent for their use.

THE WEST SAXON.

At the beginning of the term, Mrs. Russ, who for the past ten years has been the presiding genius of the refectory, retired. As a token of appreciation of her long service the Students presented her with a picture and a gramophone.

The congratulations of the whole Union are due to those who so nobly maintained (or should we say established?) the reputation of Southampton at the Inter-Varsity Sports at Birmingham, by securing sixth place among fifteen colleges competing.

We should also like to take this opportunity of congratulating the newly elected officers of the Union, and in particular, Mr. L. Nichols, the President-elect, wishing them every success.

While in congratulatory mood we must not omit the congratulations due to the Choral and Orchestral Society, whose production of "Iolanthe" at the end of last term, fully maintained the high standard set up in previous years. As a result of their performance the very creditable sum of £36 was handed over to the Appeal fund.

During the week preceding the recent parliamentary election a keen interest in politics was shown by many students of either sex, and at times party feeling ran high. At the three lunch hour meetings held in the Hall we had the pleasure of hearing two Liberal candidates, a Labour candidate, and a Conservative speaker. The heckling on each occasion was well up to standard.

In conclusion we would remind all members of the Union, particularly those about to depart this academic life, that the date fixed for the Going Down Dinner is June 27th. To those going down we wish God speed. May those returning add new glory to our traditions.

M. C. R.

THE CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

THE first attempt at a two-act opera, involving a complete change of scenery, was made during the week of March 10th, by the Choral and Orchestral Society, and the excellent production of "Iolanthe" showed that the great difficulty of the very inadequate stage accommodation can be successfully overcome if necessary. In spite of the usual uncertainties, the cast proved to be better than ever, a notable fact being that two leading tenor parts were played for the first time. A chorus of nearly fifty members ably supported the principals. Mr Williams again directed the production and conducted the augmented College orchestra.

The best thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Fildes, who produced some remarkably effective scenery, and to two amateur, but very efficient electricians, who wish to remain anonymous. The success of this session's production, and the interest taken in the Society by both Staff and Students, make it easy to realise why the Society is one of the most flourishing in the Union.

F. H. O.

STAGE SOCIETY AND PLAY READING CLUB

THE Stage Society can this year look back on one of the most prosperous periods of its existence. The production of "The Whole Town's Talking," at the beginning of last term may be described as an unqualified success. The amalgamation with the Play Reading Club, too has proved to be a step of the utmost advantage.

The Play Reading Club meetings are now, indeed, attended by large audiences who under the old system might not have gathered together. Both last term and this we have had some very enjoyable readings, in particular those of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne," and "The Dover Road." The importance and utility of this branch of the society is realised at such a time as the present, when we are considering the suitability of various plays for presentation next year, and also keeping our eyes open for likely actors and actresses.

J. P.

UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

B.U.L.N.S. AND CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

WE have been academic—lectures and Study groups; we have been social—the The Dansant; and so the tale of the year is told. In retrospect, it seems that the I.R.C. has made a promising beginning, and we hope next session for a still larger membership, recruited not wholly from the Freshers. Nevertheless,

“It is not growing like a tree

In bulk, doth make man better be.”

and therefore we would ask not for mere membership, but for increased support of all the Society's activities, which alone can give it energising vigour.

For all those who are interested in any aspect of international affairs, we recommend the I.R.C. Library in Room 12, or, better still, a holiday at Geneva, where the B.U.L.N.S. has its own International Student Hostel throughout the Summer Vacation,

B. A. N.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

OWING to the usual examination Terror of the Summer Term, the S.C.M. has had only one general meeting this term. On May 14th, Miss Blackburn, from the Women's Settlement, Canning Town, gave an interesting and very enlightening sketch of the conditions in West Ham, and of the extent to which they can be ameliorated by social work. We learned of a population subsisting largely on hopelessly inadequate relief, and dependent for the most part on casual labour at the docks and in factories; and of bad housing conditions and their attendant evils. Finally we learned of the work which the Settlement is doing in trying to introduce new interests into the lives of the women and children, an interesting feature of which is the annual Summer Camp for children in a field adjoining Craigwell House. Miss Blackburn stressed the need for helpers and invited anyone who was interested to go and see for herself. A few students accepted her invitation and will spend a short time at the Settlement during the vacation.

The weekly prayer meetings have been held as usual on Wednesday morning and have been well attended.

We wish the new Committee every success in its work next session, and we hope that the Christian Union will go forward with renewed vigour.

H. K. Y.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

AT the beginning of this term the last of the lectures on the programme for this session was given. Capt. M. K. Pedlar, H.M. Factory Inspector of the Southern Area, made his paper on “Safety and Welfare in Factories” exceedingly interesting. The attendance on this occasion was small, but those who were present passed a profitable evening.

Several visits have taken place, the most notable being the Annual outing of the society on May 15th, when nineteen members spent a happy afternoon as the guests of Messrs. J. Stone & Co., General Engineers and Founders, of Deptford and Charlton. The journey was made by charabanc, a fact which contributed considerably towards the success of the trip. After the Deptford works had been seen there was no time left for those at Charlton, where propellers for the largest ships are cast and machined, but the management exhibited a film of the processes, thereby appeasing to some extent the desires of those who wished to “see for themselves.” After we had been entertained to tea, we embarked upon the return journey and the choristers of the party created a riot of song in harmony and otherwise until we reached Winchester, where the one remaining voice faded away like the proverbial “Old Soldier.”

As I pen this report I suddenly realise the rapid approach of the Annual General Meeting which is to be held on June 16th.

THE WEST SAXON.

The Society has been fortunate enough to secure as its Honorary President for the Session 1929—30, Professor E. W. Skeats, D.Sc., A.R.C.S., F.G.S., a former student of the college and now Professor of Geology and Mineralogy at the University of Melbourne.

Messrs. B. Pattenden and W. P. Steele are to be congratulated on their election as Secretary and Treasurer respectively, of the Society for the coming session. Wishing them every success, I make my bow.

AMICEME.

STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



ON the 7th March, the S.G.S. and the Economics Society had the privilege of listening to an excellent lantern lecture from Mr. G. Fletcher, M.A., on "The Industrial and Economic Resources of Ireland." He surveyed the fuel resources of that country: peat, coal and water-power, concluding with a description of the Shannon Hydro-Electric Power Scheme which is now in progress.

Mr. R. S. Smith, our delegate to the Inter-Varsity conference of Geographical Societies, which met at Manchester in March, was fortunate in securing the choice of Southampton as the meeting-place for 1931.

As usual we have limited our meetings this term to an excursion. This year, Miss Boswell, who had previously given an explanatory talk, conducted a very enjoyable and profitable tour of the Downs east of Winchester, including St. Catherine's Hill and Temple Valley, a local "punchbowl."

F. H. B.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

DURING this term a series of visits to various factories has been arranged. On Wednesday, May 8th, a party visited Messrs Coopers Brewery and were shown the various stages in the brewing and fermentation processes.

On Wednesday, May 15th, a visit was paid to Messrs. Spooner and Bailey's Sulphuric Acid Works at Eling. The party was small but enthusiastic, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent gaining an insight into the large scale operation of chemical processes. Great interest was displayed in the skill of the expert "lead-burner," who gave the party a demonstration of his ability.

G. H. J.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY.

DURING the Winter and Spring terms we were fortunate in securing some excellent speakers, among whom were Mr. Howard, a local banker, Mr. Freeman, the Southampton Secretary for Education, and Mr. Lindsay, the Secretary for Extra-Mural studies. An interesting novelty was the showing of a film to accompany a lecture on Industrial Fatigue.

The final lecture of the session on "Ireland" was delivered at a joint meeting of the Economics and Geographical Societies and was illustrated by a series of fine lantern-slides.

During the Spring Term we inaugurated a series of fortnightly debates on economic problems. These aroused a good deal of interest and we had several excellent papers.

We should like to extend to any non-members of the Society an invitation to attend any meeting that may interest them, since we feel that the variety of our subjects and the consistent attractiveness of our speakers justify much more attention on the part of the college in general.

A. R.

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